

**POETRY.**

**DYSPEPTIC IN SEARCH OF PLEASURE.**

Mr. Watson had a liver, a fact which he made plain  
forever and forever, again and yet again.  
He lived on crusts and gruel, his looks betrayed distress,  
he fought a ceaseless duel with thought and happiness;  
he left his bed complaining and sought to find his pleasure  
growing when it was raining and when the day was fair;  
he often trembled and shivered, he had no heart for song;  
no matter where he traveled, his liver went along.  
Because he was dyspeptic his brow was overcast;  
he was a constant skeptic wherever he paused or passed;  
others looked on with wonder at mountains capped with snow,  
and he, in a colder cold climate,

here foamy rivers hurried, and sweet  
 wild blossoms bloomed  
 he looked on and was worried by  
 things he had consumed,  
 while eastward, expressing their  
 pleasure and their awe,  
 he merely lingered frowning, blind to  
 the things they saw.  
 For boundless plains he traveled,  
 through thrifty towns he sped,  
 and constantly he cast, and, doubt-  
 ing, shook his head:  
 Here others looked, believing the fair

ingered, restless, grieving, and  
fought every word.  
He went in search of pleasure where  
others would displace  
the fair, full, and merry, the wonders  
God has made,  
but, at the common or over-  
praised or wrong  
he had a live he always took  
himself.  
S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-  
Herald.

**THE WEATHER MAN.**

The Weather Man, he says, that he  
is right as he might be,  
that his predictions through the land  
He scatters usefully,  
The man, man, man, thinks  
For doing what he can.  
Which shows how we have all mis-  
understood  
This ill-used Weather Man.

He works and labors all the day  
And studies all the night,  
And counts, and calculations makes,  
For weather and wind and light,  
And then he says: "It will be fine."

We blame the Weather Man.  
 We'd do the same when he says "Rain,"  
 And we lug wraps and sigh,  
 And out the door we hurry, 'cause it's raining hot.  
 And rain wets not a stitch,  
 I'm sure we most ungrateful are.  
 When we hear him say we're sure  
 With the abuse that's heaped on him,  
 Who'd be the Weather Man?

**VIEWS AND VARIETIES**

Clever Sayings

Tommy—Pa, what part of speech is  
 a woman? Father—Woman isn't a part  
 of speech. All my son, she's the  
 whole thing.—The Pathfinder.

Argus was lamenting his hundred  
 eyes. "The trouble is that a monocle  
 costs so totally less," he continued.  
 His valet replied: "he could not put up  
 with it."—New York Sun.

O'Shea—"This strange we never hear  
 any more about that famous Fillipino,  
 who was the first to get a divorce."

"Yes, I'm just back from Europe." "Did you see any towns abroad that were as filthy as this?" "You can find in Venice everything was flooded and in Pompeii the streets were all dug up," Kansas City Journal.

Mrs. Crimmonbeak wishes to graciously take notice of hairline splits in your mouth when you're talking to me. I can't understand a single word you say. Mrs. Crimmonbeak—There you go! You listen to ask me the best of pleasure—Yonkers Statesman.

"I admit I have the fault you mention," said the conceited man, self-satisfiedly. "I am proud of my faults; I have, and it's a small one." "Yes," replied Knox, "just like the small hole that makes a plugged nickel no good." Catholic Standard and Times

There were at a time when they put men in jail for love, said the bill pen-

ated citizen. "I don't know but a pot, stout pal, where your creditors are, they're all up and down the telephone, would be a great deal of a comfort."—Washington Star.

"That's the latest rubber. I ever saw," criticised the patron in the Turkish bath. "I've never seen it before. As he was asleep," "Oh, I'll fix that for a few minutes," assured the proprietor. "Going to give him a call?" "Yes, I'm going to give him to stretch me!"—Chicago News.

In the British museum a man and a girl were discussing some Egyptian inscriptions. "There there," said the girl, "must be three thousand years ago." "Bill!" "Three thousand, more or less," estimated her companion. "Aw, no, Bill! Why, we're only in 1909 now!"—Buffalo Commercial.

"Bill," began the girl. "I come to you for the interest of the city's poor children. I thought you might like to contribute to our fresh air fund for

as much as you please from my ace; but how in the world are you going to carry it?"—Catholic Times.

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## MUCH IN LITTLE

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Over 2,000 pounds of rose petals are used in the manufacture of one pound attar of roses perfume.

The Kohinoor diamond originally weighed 800 karats, but by successive cutting it has been reduced to 106 rats.

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Ecuador exports about 20,000 tons of vegetable ivory annually, of which rrimed takes about one-half and the United States one-fourth.

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Before photography was applied to stars the highest number catalogued was 457,847. The number of stars the telescope will show is estimated at over 100,000.

Chinese merchants have subscribed \$45,000 gold as capital for a Chongking bank at Tsungin, in Szechuan, for the remittances on opium and cattle from Mongolia.

A pulse-counting watch has been invented for the use of physicians and nurses in London. The watch indicates, without mental calculation, the number of beats of the pulse in a minute.

The Geographical society of London has awarded the Victoria research medal to Prof. Alexander Anassix, of Cambridge, Mass. The society has also awarded the medal to Lieut. Ernest H. Shackleton, who recently returned from an expedition to the South pole.

The number of cows in Denmark in 1903 was 1,068,688, of which somewhat less than 900,000 were on farms.

separators are used. The machinery is almost invariably supplied with main-driven centrifugal machines and is one or more separators and purifiers, according to the amount of milk dealt with.